slope of the hill towards the front of the guns; Colonel Willcox was exerting himself to rally the Zouaves and to occupy the adjacent woods.

While this was going on, a regiment of the enemy appeared suddenly from the south and a very short distance to the east of the batteries. Griffin was satisfied at a glance that it was a hostile regiment and prepared to open upon it with canister, but Major Barry, the chief-of-artillery, assured him that it was one of our regiments sent as a support to the batteries,—arid directed his fire in another direction. In a moment or two the regiment advanced and poured such a close and well directed fire into the batteries that they were rendered absolutely helpless and useless for the rest of the day. Not another shot was fired by either of them. The enemy immediately took possession of them.

Disheartening, however, as this mischance was, McDowell had no idea of giving up the fight. On the contrary, he made more than one determined effort to carry the plateau. The batteries were taken and retaken. The hill was at times covered with the Federal regiments, which, in their bright and attractive militia uniforms presented an appearance never afterwards seen on a field of battle during the war. The enemy more than once were

compelled to retire
into the woods which bordered the
plateau on the
south and east, and into which the
Federal troops.
could not afford to follow them. Here,
in fact, lay
the great difficulty in the way of
McDowell's win-
ning the battle. The Confederates
could always fall
back into the woods and reform. There
was on this*